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FOREWORD

We are glad to introduce to you a new column in the GREEN BOOK, entitled "Topics in Brief", to be found on page twenty-seven of this issue. We would invite your perusal and commend the "Topics" to you for their brevity, pith, and humor.

- Editor

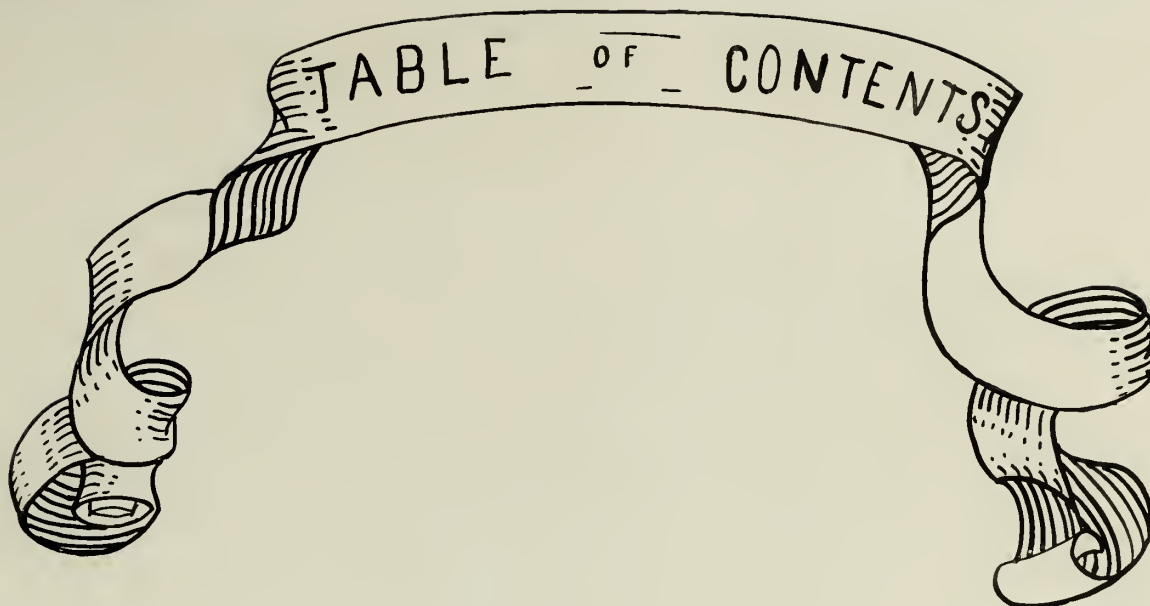


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burning, gripping message his heart becomes aglow and he rejoices in the Saviour's love. But again comes the close searching of the Spirit and he fears that he has been neglecting his spiritual life.

What is his solution? The psychologist tells him to concentrate. On what? The fanatic says stay on your knees all the time and pray. But for whom shall he pray? The careless one says forget it. But how can he? Do you wonder that his thoughts are turned to himself, that he often forgets his weaker brother, that he is tempted to make his world one with a six-foot radius?

But there is a time for everything that is in accord with the Divine plan, and the Spirit-led life will find it. Our trouble has been that we have made our own plans and thus have taken on more work than we can possibly do. Shall we not then be more careful in laying our plans, in seeing to it that they are Spirit-led from the start? This is the solution to the selfish life: Find time for God first, "and all these things shall be added unto you".



THE LOWER LIGHT

The day is done, and the darkness
Settles down over the bay,
As a mother hen broods o'er her chickens,
At the close of a weary day.

'Tis a darkness that makes sailors shudder,
And the captain look o'er and o'er
For the faintest gleam of warning
From the lights along the shore.

'Tis a darkness that stirs itself gently,
That makes tiny white-caps appear,
It causes the captain to shudder,
And think of his home so dear.

His shaggy brow grows troubled,
As he anxiously peers through the mist
For that lower light that is burning,
That light he must have missed.

But look! What is that ahead there?
A cliff - looming up from the west.
The lower light is not burning.
He has missed the harbor of rest.

One agonized wail for mercy,
One struggle in the wave,
One cry to the God of heaven,
One prayer for Him to save.

Someone has failed in his duty
Someone has slept at his post,
The lower light is not burning,
And unnumber'd souls are lost.

We are in charge of the lighthouse
On New England's rock-bound coast.
Are we letting our light cross the waters,
Are we doing our best, and our most?

Others may go over the waters,
To open the foreign door.
But to us, He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

- Olive G. Tracy -



WOULD YOU PLEASE HELP ME?

As Valentine's Day approaches, the clerk at the valentine counter has many interesting problems to contend with. An old lady may come to her and say, "Would you be kind enough to pick out five valentines for me? I should like one for a school-teacher, one for a man about fifty years old, one for my husband, one for my little grand-daughter who is five years old, and one for a neighbor's little boy. I really don't know much about choosing valentines. Do you suppose you could help me?"

The clerk answers, "I will try. What kind of person is this school teacher? Is she interested in love? Is she full of fun? Or is she a very sober person? We have valentines to suit all circumstances. Here are some little ones with just an original saying on them; and here are some lace hearts."

Finally, after a long search, five valentines are found. A lace one for the teacher, a comic one for the old gentleman, one with a love message for the husband, a cat that moves its head and tongue for the little girl, a chauffeur cranking a machine for the little boy.

After this customer has gone, the clerk turns to another employee. "Did you ever notice the difference in people's tastes? Watch the next few customers."

A tall, thin, red-haired maiden lady, wearing an old-style black taffeta dress with a huge belt-buckle at the waist and a little black hat sitting on the top of her head, comes along just then. "Miss, I should like a valentine for a gentleman."

"What," says the clerk to herself, "a gentleman! My, oh my!"

The woman continues, "I do not care for the lacy or the foolish ones." She scrutinizes every valentine. Once in a while she opens a box of them in her concern to find an appropriate card. Finally she finds one. On it there is a picture of a little colored girl picking a daisy apart. Below is the verse:

"He do
He don't
Ah hopes
He do!"



Imagine an "old maid" saying that!

The customers come and go. A certain individual desires a lace-trimmed valentine, another person requests a movable animal or figure, the next customer wishes a dainty picture, and yet another would like only a foolish verse.

As opinions differ in the variety of valentines, they do in the price. Desire will be expressed for valentines to cost from one cent to seventy-five cents. Some people are disgusted if they can not get ten-cent valentines for two-for-five cents; but others will not look at a valentine which can be bought for less than twenty-five cents.

The week before Valentine's Day passes peacefully and the clerk is able to give customers some time and consideration. But a few days before that great day, the fun begins. Everything is topsy-turvy. Medium-sized envelopes are seized for small valentines, and large envelopes for medium-sized valentines. When it is necessary to find an envelope for the large valentines, there is none available. Then how the customers sputter!

Possibly you have heard of the game "Three-deep". On the last day valentines are sold, there is a crowd around the counter more than "three-deep". Customers snatch and grab; they reach over one another; they try to push each other out of the way; in fact, they do almost anything to attain their wishes.

Many are the remarks hurled at a sales-person during this exciting time. I have noted a few: May I have this, please? - Give me this. - Here, girl, I'm in a hurry to catch a train. - Oh! I've been waiting here for over an hour. (The store has been open thirty minutes.) - Please find me an envelope to fit this. - Oh! are there envelopes! My, I haven't any! - Girl, when you find time will you get me twelve envelopes for these? - I can't find any envelope to go with this. - May I have this box of valentine materials? - Oh, I didn't see those. How much are they? - Can't you find one like that woman has for me?

When Valentine's Day is an event in history, the salesclerk reviews this amusing experience and wonders how there can be so "many men of many minds". Her hard work is forgotten in the pleasant memory of valentines and their purchasers.

- Jessie L. Angilly -



EATS BUT MAINLY EATERS

I once read an article in which several business men said that a good way to judge the caliber of a man is to have a meal with him. This judgment may be based to a certain extent on manners, but good manners involve being able to carry on a conversation as well as handling a salad fork or tipping your hat to a lady. A person may have perfect manners so far as his actions are concerned, but at the same time be a bore by talking too much or too little. Good conversation is an art attained only by long and constant endeavor, and consequently is characteristic only of a certain few.

In a general way people may be divided, according to their conversation, into two great classes. There are those who make conversation a delight and those who make it a drudgery. The latter class may be said to have two divisions; one of these delight in conversation and in fact they are overjoyed at saying nothing and saying it continually; the other class sit at the table with eyes on their plate never saying a word, but with perhaps an occasional sideward glance they proceed through the meal apparently absorbed in their own thoughts. These thoughts may be such as would interest everyone but never finding expression they do no good.

There are two rules by which we may develop our conversation. Learn to be a good listener and learn the art of choosing subjects that interest all. Both accomplishments are acquired by practice. Where is there a better place for this practice than at the table? There are other opportunities also to develop our conversational ability and we must grasp them all.

We are in the game of life; the one who is able to present his ideas to others will find success made much easier. Our conversation is the means by which we "sell" ourselves to others. If we bore others in our conversation, we fail at this point and make success correspondingly hard.

- Blair Ward -



HAME O' MINE

I have been a rover. In my youth I left home seeking a foreign shore. I have visited many parts of the world, met many different peoples, lived with the rich, shared the hospitality of the poor; but tonight there is a longing in my heart which all of these have been unable to fill.

I see it now as clearly as the day when I paused at the crossroads and looked back at it - the home of my childhood. Undoubtedly the young man of today would sneer at its straggling appearance and its lack of artistic beauty; others would scoff at the idea of my leaving wealth and ease to endure the cold and privations of hill-country life under the shelter of a roughhewn cottage with a grass thatched roof. But how gladly I would give all I possess just to sit by the 'ingleside' once again and to watch the 'skinkie' of mother's needles in the glow of the blazing logs. For that is my hame, sweet hame o' mine.

- Elsie C. Gatherer -



HUMAN NATURE IN A SCHOOLROOM

"They don't know anything. They are in the same grade every year." This information was volunteered during the roll call the first day of school by one of the boys in the sixth grade. The roll had seemed correct until on the list of those in the first grade I found two names belonging to older boys in the room. I was starting to ask if it were not a mistake when I received this information. The older of the two boys was twelve, and the younger one nine. Although they had attended school a number of years, receiving a great deal of individual attention, the only way the older one could tell you how much two and three are was to count on his fingers or on paper; the younger one would probably tell you the sum was one or ten. In reading, "hen" might just as well be "red" or "said." However, they were always eager to read, and would think they had done well.

A hobby of the older boy was wearing hats. The first cool day we had George came to school wearing a cap pulled down over his ears. Another day he appeared in an old felt hat. It was dusty and out of shape, but he was proud of it and took good care of it in school. The hat he seemed to think the most of was a worn out straw one which he saved particularly for winter use. He would never take it off until just as he was entering the room, and probably would have worn it in school as well, if he had been allowed.

One of the brightest pupils in the school was Richard, who was only six years old. He was much more interested in sixth grade work than in first. The sixth grade was studying about the feudal system in Europe, and during one lesson learned what the expression "a vassal paying homage to his lord" meant. When we were reviewing the lesson the following day, I asked the meaning of the term. Richard, who was supposed to be doing first grade work, quickly raised his hand to answer the question. He explained it correctly and referred to a picture I had shown them illustrating a vassal paying homage to his lord.

We usually think of a boy of eleven as very active, but as every rule has its exception so this one has. Earl did everything slowly. If he had five short examples to do in arithmetic, he could easily make them a day's work.



His main difficulty was that he had not learned to concentrate. He might be in the middle of a recitation in history, and suddenly stop to say, "See that cow try to get over the fence!" (We happened to have cows in a field next to the school). His sister was as lively as he was slow. Sometimes she would come to school alone, and when the children would ask her about Earl, she would reply, "Oh, he is too slow. I couldn't wait for him." Earl would perhaps arrive just before the last bell rang.

I also had some children who came to school only when it was convenient for them to come or for their mother to send them. At one time their vacation lasted from November to February. After the truant officer had finally visited them, their vacations were not so extended.

"Variety is the spice of life." If it were not for the many different types of human nature, found even in a small group of children, school life might soon be monotonous both for teacher and for children.

- Margaret W. Brown -



SARDINES, OR A WHALE?

Nearly everybody has some faint idea of the difference in size between a whale and a sardine. A whale ranges in length from ten to thirty feet and is caught by a strong iron harpoon, but a sardine is from three to six inches long and is caught in a weir. The sardine has never been caught by the harpoon, but in a few instances the weir has caught a whale. I shall relate such a happening that I saw some years ago.

The owner of the weir Sandflea sent word to the sardine buyers at Eastport that there were sardines in the weir. Can you imagine their surprise to find, instead of fifty or sixty hogheads of sardines, one solitary, single-finned whale about fifteen feet in length swimming, as calmly as his narrow quarters would allow, around in the weir. The sardine buyers left in disgust, not caring to deal in that form of sardine.

A whale is dangerous and may cause much damage to the structure of the weir. The news spread very rapidly on shore and excitement ran high for a few hours. I had been invited to watch the seining of a nearby weir, the Hardtack, but on account of the boisterous sea the men decided otherwise. Leaving the large boat at the weir we proceeded in the small boat toward the place of excitement. A large number had assembled, among whom were many women.

The process of driving the whale from the weir was well under way when we arrived. Some of the weapons being used were guns, ropes, pick-poles, rocks and plenty of noise. The whale was very docile and did not seem to realize that he was the chief performer in the show. He acted his part to the amusement of all concerned. First a man, with one hand, would fire a volley of shot from his rifle. A little red would show in the water and the whale would disappear, but in due time up he would come and blow. Dead? No, the shot had about as much effect on him as five or six pin-pricks would have on a man. Another person got a bright idea. He took up a large ballast rock, walked around the side of the weir and then waited his chance. Presently the whale came up directly under him and when he blew, his persecutor dropped the rock on his blowhole. He did not like that sport and disappeared for a longer time. When he came up again two men jumped into a row-boat, took a pick-pole fastened it securely in the fin of the whale and let him tow them about for a while. If he had

had any fight in him he would have flipped his tail and left only a pile of kindling wood. After some effort the whale was headed for the outlet and with a little encouragement from the men, in the shape of gun and picks, he made the open water, only to turn about and start back again, thinking the weir would be a good place to stay all night. His plan was discouraged by the men.

A young man in a twenty-five foot boat did a little performing on his own account. The whale was idle, considering another attack, with his back raised about a foot out of water. The young man pulled off to some distance, turned about and at full speed charged the whale's broadside. We held our breath and tried to imagine what he was about. When the boat struck the whale it ran half its length out of water, over the whale's back, then slid off into the water. Twice the young man did this dangerous stunt. Each time we expected to see the boat capsize.

As the fun was over we sailed back to port thinking we had heard the last of the whale, but a few days after we were told that a whale came ashore dead some distance up the shore. Evidently the mauling he received was too much for his constitution.

- Sewell G. Hilyard -



AROUND THE TABLES AT E.N.C.

Meal time at E.N.C. should be a happy time. It should be a time of recreation. It should bring a stimulus of thought. It should broaden the outlook and sympathies of all who eat around the family board. With these ideals in mind I have observed the conversation in the dining-room for about ten days.

In general, I noticed that meal time was a happy time. The animated conversation, the hearty laugh, and the eager countenances all indicated that students forgot their books for the time being and entered into a new environment whenever they entered the dining-room. However, I did notice that some carried this joyous phase too far, until their laughter became convulsive and their tones boisterous.

Among certain groups I found that it was easy to start a thought-stimulating conversation, but with many this was exceedingly difficult. Among the former groups, however, there was a decided tendency on the part of a few to monopolize the conversation of the whole table, or else to discuss their problems among themselves in undertones. At one table where I visited I found one individual who persisted in passing his verdict on everything that was said or done at the table. He made himself unusually conspicuous, and since he lacked much of being a genius he only emphasized his own talkativeness.

There are two suggestions that I should like to give E.N.C. students who eat in the dining-room. The first is, Try to raise the tone of your conversation by eliminating some of the bright sayings, and substituting for them some constructive ideas. The second is, Read more items of general interest, both in Church and State news, so that your conversation will not always be confined to E.N.C. campus.

To the individual who would like to be skilful in conversation, I should suggest that you begin working on some of our silent partners, in an effort to get them to contribute to the conversation.

Altogether I enjoyed the exchange of thought at meal time, and the spirit of recreation (when properly regulated) aided materially in the digestion of some strong mental meals that might otherwise have resulted in dyspepsia.

- Anonymous -



A FARMER'S FRIEND

Who is the farmer's friend? Is it millionaire from some noted city? Is it a retired business man living on some estate in the country? No! It is "Henry", the little Ford, that will ramble right along.

The well-to-do farmer may own two machines, a "car" and a "Ford". Many people say that cars are not properly named. They tell us that the big cars should be called Fords and the little cars "can't-af-fords". This may all be true. Nevertheless we find that farmers who can afford a big car for pleasure have a car for practical service.

There is no use in scolding "Henry", for then he will just stand still. If you coax him a bit on a cold morning, he will warm up and become your friend for the day. Sometimes he stands too long in the cold and needs to have his throat cleared out with a little hot water. "Henry" has one particular kind of food which he thrives on, - that is gasoline. He never desires desserts.

"Henry" has found a prominent place about the busy farm. The one team is busy digging potatoes in the field, the second team is plowing, and the third team is hauling potatoes from the field to the potato-house. How is the farmer going to get any more potatoes stored away in his potato-shed? It is now impossible to roll the barrels of potatoes up such a height. He thinks of a scheme. He immediately attaches pulleys to the rafters and one to the floor. He runs a rope through these pulleys, fastening a ring on one end and two clamps to the other. The clamps are fixed in such a manner as to grasp the barrel on two sides about the top chime. The ring in the other end of the rope is for the purpose of hitching the evener upon. After the farmer carefully thinks out the scheme he remembers that all his horses are at work. What does he do? Does he call on his neighbor? He seeks his faithful friend "Henry". The Ford is backed up close to the potato-house and a hook is fastened to its rear axle upon which the ring in the end of the rope is placed. The clamps are dropped on the barrel and "Henry" is allowed to go the length of his rope. This is the process of hoisting the barrel. Men at the top empty the barrel into the bin. The weight of the barrel carries the rope back when the car releases its hold. The Ford backs each time the barrel is emptied and goes ahead each time a new barrel is placed in the clamps. A load of potatoes can be emptied in a few minutes by following this process. This has been proved to be one of the best ways of unloading potatoes into a crowded potato-house.



The farmer has his back yard filled with cord-wood. He cannot obtain a gasoline engine, neither can he secure a horse power. "Do you suppose 'Henry' can help us?" he queries. The circular saw is placed near the pile of wood and the Ford is brought near the saw. The rear of the car is blocked up and the car is well staked. A pulley is placed on one side of the rear axle either beside the wheel or in place of it. An ordinary belt connects this pulley to the pulley on the circular saw. The engine is started and then pushed into low gear. The work is carried on successfully and the entire pile of wood is manufactured in short order.

"Henry" helps the farmer cut his wood, harvest his potatoes, and carry his produce to market. He has proved a friend in need. He has proved a friend not only to the farmer himself, but also to the entire family. It has been well stated that a Ford is a family car, because "it has a muffler for father, a hood for mother and a rattle for each one of the children".

- George A. Rogers -



WILL IT STOP RAINING?

There are many times in your life when you feel blue and discouraged; when you have severe trials to undergo and obstacles to overcome. Troubles and perplexities beset you on every side, difficulties spring up in front of you and - in short, everything seems to go wrong. Perhaps it is test week; you have to prepare for and take exams, make up some back work, write a theme. You seem to accomplish nothing; you do not get your studying done, you "flunk" your tests, you spend a whole evening trying to write a theme - and fail! At a time like this you begin to think that perhaps you are born unlucky, and wonder if it will ever stop raining trouble, work, and difficulties.

There was a clown who in one of his acts would come out on the stage dressed in a raincoat and carrying an umbrella over his head. He would walk along, looking occasionally at the imaginary black clouds above him. Another man would casually stroll out and meet him, and ask him if he thought it was going to stop raining. The clown would stretch out his palms as if to feel the raindrops, look up at the sky, and then answer drily, "It always does".

Remember, when you are in a hard place and face to face with trying circumstances, that that state of affairs will not always last. Don't get discouraged if everything looks disheartening; "every cloud has a silver lining." After the storm-cloud of trouble and despondency comes the sunshine of happiness. Never give up. To persevere just a little longer may mean success. The easiest way to reassure yourself when you are feeling discouraged is to ask yourself the question, "Will it stop raining." And the answer will come of itself, "Yes, it always does."

- Edward S. Mann -



THE PARADOX OF E.N.C.

Where did you first hear of E.N.C? Was it at camp-meeting or in your home church? How did you learn of it? What did you expect to find when you came here? But what did you find when you arrived here? Did the photographer's camera lie when it pictured the pretty E.N.C. campus in the Nautilus?

Do you remember how the grass on the front lawn needed cutting? The Mansion seemed to be a queer-looking old house instead of that dignified administration building that you supposed it was. And the other buildings! How you looked at the building where the college boys lived! It was nothing more than its name - the Cardboard Palace.

Even the professors appeared human. One couldn't tell by looking at them that they knew any more than some of the students. In fact a few students seemed to walk as professors should walk.

The religious meetings seemed especially beneficial, even from the start; but after you had settled down they began to seem "tame". Soon everything became a grind.

What about those nice reports you had read in the Nazarene Advance and in the Nautilus? What about your pastor's good word for the college? Where had those glorious school days gone to?

But wait - follow out your course until June and see what happens. If you keep the fire of God's love burning in your heart, you'll witness and engage in one or two good revivals. You'll also see some of your schoolmates struggle from spiritual defeat to glorious victory. If you persist in your efforts as a student you'll begin to wonder before long how that "one small head could hold all" that your favorite professor knows. Besides, unexplainable as it may be, you'll also conclude that the Mansion is a rather stately building after all. The dormitories, too, have taken on a "home" atmosphere. What brings the change. I don't know; it is the paradox of E.N.C. Let us keep on singing - yes, praying, "God's E.N.C."

-Samuel Young -



WHERE IS CHRIST?

When the toils of day were over,
Back I came with weary feet
To my humble little cottage,
On a lone deserted street.

I'd been looking for the Master,
For this man of Galilee,
Who could heal all my diseases
And from sin could set me free.

I had asked, where I might find Him.
"In the churches", some would say.
So I started on my errand,
For I must find Him today.

With this eager thought I hastened
To a building great and tall,
Thinking here I'd surely find Him,
If in any church at all.

Then I entered, worn and weary;
Soon a great crowd filled the place.
I stood waiting, watching, searching
Every unfamiliar face,

For a sign or word of greeting,
Just a smile or bit of cheer
To a hungry heart awaiting
The dear Master's voice to hear.

Moments passed. I sat unnoticed
Through the service long and dry.
There, they did not talk of Jesus;
Perchance, He had passed them by.

I rose and started homeward.
Then I felt the presence near
Of a Stranger, there beside me
Saying, "You can find Me here."

Then I caught the wondrous vision
Of the cross, on which He died,
And I pleaded His forgiveness
As He lingered at my side.

Gently took my hand in His hand,
And His heart beat close to mine,
Whispered, "Child, all is forgiven.
Follow Me, make My way thine".



Thus I found Him, not in buildings,
Not in busy town or mart;
But the dwelling place of Jesus
I had found within my heart.

- (Mrs.) Ross Park Miller -



THE WORK OF A TRUE COLLEGE

It takes more than buildings and money to make a college. It takes men. A college is not a foundry where they fashion molds of iron and steel. In the college workshop lives of men are molded. On the anvil of everyday college life the little personal peculiarities of the individual are beaten out. In the furnaces of mental conflict his mind is purified. Through the grappling with problems, mental and spiritual, his very soul is strengthened. Then, too, he is continually discovering some new phase of his being, because his mind is forced to be in constant action. Think he must. Thoughts give birth to deep probings and gradually on, it may be at times suddenly, he realizes he is advancing and growing. He is ever increasing the powers within him and, therefore increasing his responsibilities, because man is eternal. He was made for the sole purpose of glorifying God, and how can he fulfil that purpose to the greatest possible degree unless he knows what he is capable of doing and being, and with these powers fully realized uses all in the carrying out of his mission here? The first work of a college is to show a man what there is actually in him. It remains for the individual to look at his equipment for life calmly and thoughtfully, and then purposefully to take that equipment, whether much or little, and so apply his college training that these powers will be increased to the greatest capacity possible.

It is true that buildings are needed, machinery and money; but more important than these are the workers. There must be a Master Mechanic to plan the processes of making, and to guide and control the entire shop. Under Him, to help Him carry out the plans, He must have faithful, efficient workmen. These must be well trained, each one in his own department in order to give his best service in the developing processes of the precious material. It is necessary to exercise great care in the early stages through which the metals pass. Insight into the mass of material before him is necessary for the workman. All cannot be brought to the same heat; some need more, others less. But knowledge alone is insufficient for successful work. The workman must not only be a good worker, but he must also be a positive quantity. As these materials are passing through his hands he is leaving on them an imprint which will tell for good or evil in the years to come. He is passing on a part of himself which can never be effaced.



With the right sort of teachers the material worked upon in the college workshop can be purified, improved and multiplied until a world will feel the force of it.

The vast potentialities of college work in the life of a man are acknowledged by many, but are not heeded today. Man's intellectual powers are being trained to an almost abnormal degree. He has been taught to think for himself, to reason matters out for himself, and that is good, but he has begun at the wrong end. The head is of itself dead. It has no life, for we are told that from the heart come the issues of life. Strange to say, the majority of colleges today are ignoring the heart of the splendid youth going through their workshops. They are allowing the most valuable of all the metals to pass untouched. There is no opportunity given to the Master's hand to mold them, and so they go out incapable of fulfilling the plan of God for their lives.

The twentieth century college is failing in her pledge to humanity. Her unwritten pledge is to produce men with nobler aspirations, with higher ideals than when they entered her halls. She is working for time; she has forgotten that, "If we work upon marble it will perish, if we work upon brass time will efface it, if we rear temples they will crumble into dust, but if we work upon immortal souls, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of fellow men we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten all eternity."

- Elsie C. Gatherer -



TRIVIA

THE TRAIN

The long train pulls into the station to discharge and receive passengers. The engine gasps and pants, as though resting from its completed task and for the next lap of the journey. Soon the bell begins to ring and with a few puffs and a gradual increase in speed the train is away with its new burden, which will soon be gone only to be replaced by the seemingly endless stream of waiting passengers.

Figuratively speaking, each week a long train pulls into the English room. The students come bearing their burdens of written themes. The sighs of relief - "I have my theme done. Have you?" - seem to express the satisfaction of having an assigned task done. Soon the professor relieves them of their burden and the students leave the classroom loaded with the new burden of next week's "contribution". Thus this train pulls into and out of the station, each week discharging and receiving its burden of seemingly endless themes or contributions to be written.

- H.B.W.-

RIVER OF LIFE

How much is a beautiful river like Life. It was carried from the ocean in mist, fog, and laden clouds, and poured out upon the earth. It cannot be idle; it is no sooner born than it starts upon its unwearied course back to the ocean. Its life is fruitful; it carries burdened ships upon its bosom, it causes the barren places to blossom as the rose, it fattens the ears of corn. But let it leave its intended course and overflow its banks, Lives are lost and property destroyed. Life came from God. If it flows in the right channel, humanity is blessed. But if it overflows its banks and goes in forbidden channels, death and destruction will follow.

- C.R.H. -



THAT CRACK IN THE ICE

Some skater comes gliding smoothly along. Suddenly his heels seem lighter than his head, and down he goes. Evidently his skate caught in a crack in the ice. The skater, if he is able, gets up and skates again, perhaps a little more carefully, and as a result perhaps a little better.

As we go skating through our daily tasks our skates may catch and we may take a "spill". Perhaps our plans failed or our character was wanting in some particular. But why fall twice in the same place? Get up, mark well the cause of the last fall and remedy it if possible - but don't trip again over the same crack in the ice.

- H.B.W. -

THE SQUIRREL

Near the college dormitory is an old oak tree. Many squirrels climb up and down this tree, but I notice particularly a pretty one sitting on a branch which touches my window. He winks his shiny, gray eyes at me. Although he is sitting on his hind legs I can see his bushy tail curled high. What is he thinking about? Does he want something to eat? No, perhaps he is wondering whether I will catch him and kill him or whether his fur will be sewed with the other furs into a coat. I offer him some food, but he fears me and runs away. Will this innocent creature ever come and look in at my window once more?

- G.D.S. -

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Names - how deceitful they are! There's Mr. Brown with his jet-black hair, and Miss Greene with her fair hair, and blue eyes - a typical Swede as far as looks are concerned. As for Mr. Young, he totters with age, while Miss Auld has the bloom of youth in her face. Miss Catt has a neck like a swan, and Mr. Fox moves about like a sloth. Miss Love shys at the sight of a man, and Mr. Capers is the dignified old bishop. Miss Day works at night, and Mr. Strong lifts paper weights. Mr. Land is a sailor, and Miss Angell is an actress. Mr. Baker is a miller, Mr. Miller is a farmer, and Mr. Farmer is a baker. How may we remedy this? It is a legal affair. Cheer up, ladies, 1928 will soon be here.

- S.Y. -



' PALS '

Although many friends may prove untrue there is one friend that will always 'stick by a fellow', and that friend is Music. I was thirteen years old when I became acquainted with Music and since that time he has been my closest companion. He it is who comforts me when I am sad, rests me when I am weary, and gives me companionship when I am lonely; in fact, he is everything to me that a true friend should be. We love each other sincerely, and have long since sworn to be friends for life.

- A.L. -

THE GATHERING STORM

The clouds are lowering, the sky is threatening, the air is logy, - all nature is alarmed - a storm is approaching.

A similar tenseness exists in E.N.C. today. A scholastic storm will soon break out (probably January 25 or 26) in the form of semester examinations. Are the foundations of your house standing sure?

- S.Y. -

WILL YOU BE FASHIONED?

Piece of clay, are you willing for me to remove you from your natural element, carry you to the pottery, wet, soften, heat, shape, dry, and finally, polish you that you may become a useful container?

Sinner, are you willing for Christ to take you from the mire of sin, put you through the melting process, shape, polish, and stamp you that you may be a vessel sanctified for the Master's use?

- G.A.R. -



TOPICS IN BRIEF

The reason some people are so hard to understand is that their understanding is small. - C.R.H.

If any one likes variety why not come to E.N.C? We have Brown, White, Greene, Hand, Foote, Young, Mann, and so on Down the list. - G.DeS.

Time for basketball, time for "dating",
Time for lessons, time for skating,
Time for work, but no time for debating.

The above seems to be the creed of the students of E.N.C. - F.H.

Do you expect to belong to the E.N.C. Lyceum when it becomes a renowned organization? How do you expect it to become famous without your membership now? - M.E.J.

"Silence is golden". How poor our library must be.
J.A.Y.

The dinners will have to be used in the Parlor to reduce the light bill. -
S.G.H.

Speaking of those 20,000 "Scotch" eggs, we think it must be an asset to have such a bad-egg-consuming university in town.
S.Y.

The College Rhetoric class is always bright because it has a Ray.
G.A.R.

Some students take pains in their daily work; others let the pains take them in the finals. - G.A.R.

Speaking of the fire department - why not have a police force?
H.B.W.

The crayfish is a wonderful creature. It crawls backward. By doing so it has a great future behind it and looks forward to all its past.
C.E.D.

Self control is lost many times by trying to control some one else.
C.E.D.



COLLEGE HUMOR

Prof. Gardner (In geometry class): Things may be equal and yet not congruent. For example?
Albert Lunn: Men are created equal, but they are not congruent.

'Red' Deware: What is college bred?
'Ed' Deware: Four years' loaf.

Blair Ward (In Rhetoric class): I am going to tell you how tires are made. Now there is quite a lot of ground to be covered.

Prof. Wilde: Remember, the rest of our days depends on the rest of our nights.

Prof. What is vacuum?
Student: I have it in my head, but I can't think of it just now.

WHY I FLUNKED IN HISTORY

I thought that:
The battle of Tours was fought when mother wanted to go to California and dad wanted to go to Florida.
Joan of Arc was Noah's wife.
St. Bernard was a dog.
Monks had tails and lived in trees.
A fief was a musical instrument.
The Scotch Highland was a drink.
I also slept in class.
Now History is repeating itself - I'm taking it over again.

Mr. Hagerman: Have you any sisters?
Miss ---. No, but I have a sister-in-law.
Mr. Hagerman (puzzled): Er - ah - has your mother been married twice?



The roads to the library are paved with good intentions.

- - - - -

Miss S. : Were you ever in an accident?
Prof. G. : Once, and I've refereed several basketball games.

- - - - -

A. Lunn: I sang over the radio last night.
P. Lunn: Yes, you did - not!
A. Lunn: Sure, in Tremont Temple.

- - - - -

Have you heard Morse singing that old familiar song, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny?" He admits that he lost a lot on the way down, but says he made up for it after he arrived there.

- - - - -

Miss Fuller: A friend sent my uncle a stuffed alligator.
Mr. Jenkins: That's a new dish on me.

- - - - -

"I'm always springing something", said the mouse as he walked into the trap after a piece of cheese.

- - - - -

Imagine some of the College French students not translating in the Mansion Hall.

- - - - -

That was some vocabulary test in College Rhetoric the other day; we wonder if Ray Hagerman got the word 'saturate' correct.

- - - - -



W^m A. MILLETT

HAVE YOU MET HIM?

HE IS THE PROPRIETOR OF OUR

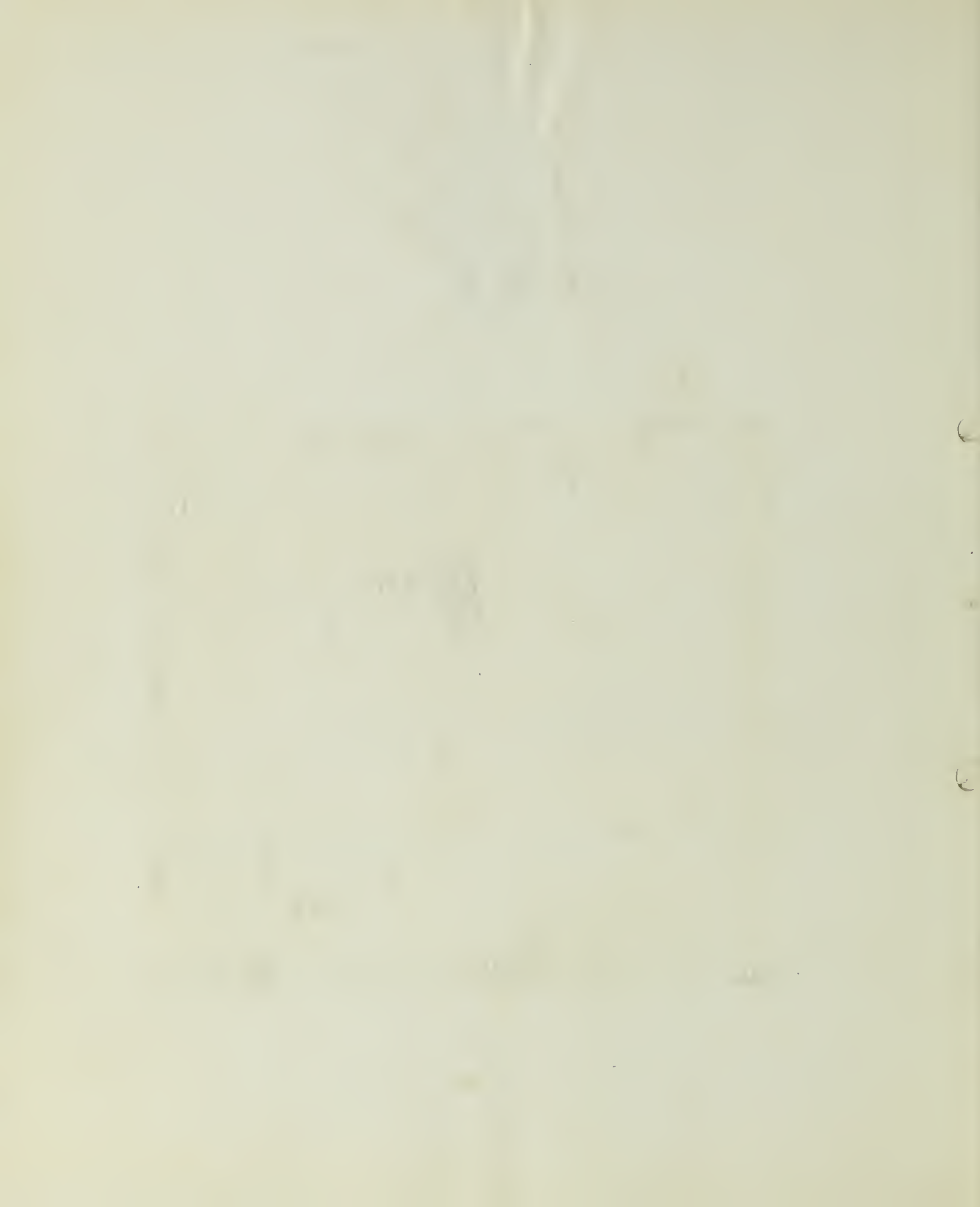
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